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The Academy and Literature



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The Literary Week.

THE meetings of the Library Association this week have brought the whole public library question very much to the fore. There seems no doubt that many librarians take their duties with proper seriousness and do their utmost to raise the standard of reading. "The librarian," said one speaker, "had become the professor of literature to the multitude." He has hardly yet, we think, attained that not very enviable position, but there is every indication that he is ceasing to be a mere buyer of such books as suit the taste of the moment. A writer in the "Daily Chronicle" has estimated that 35,000,000 books are borrowed every year from municipal libraries, an astounding total which should represent a wide influence. "The whole tendency of modern practice," says this writer, "is to get the right books to the right people, but not 'to shove immortals down people's throats.'" That shoving of immortals down people's throats has done a great deal of harm in the past, particularly to undeveloped minds. It sometimes takes a man half his life to regain an appreciation of an author who was made a burden to him in his youth.

THE chorus of praise to which Mr. J. S. Sargent must now be so accustomed has been broken by a dissentient voice. We find an article in the New York "Reader" with the uncompromising title "Bad Portraits by a Great Painter," and the portraits are those of John Hay, James Whitcomb Riley, Thomas B. Reed, and Edwin Booth, painted by Mr. Sargent during his recent visit to America. The writer, after laying down the rule that a good portrait should be painted from the sitter in an habitual, not an unusual attitude, asks: "Why, then, do we see some things so strangely done by Mr. Sargent? He is freely accounted one of the great among living painters, and this implies a master's knowledge of all the fundamentals. Still, his utter defiance of the canon mentioned . . . suggests ignorance of it." His John Hay, the writer considers, is ridiculous; it is wretchedly cramped, perfunctory, and made absurd by "one little unintelligent

hand that is hung up out of place at the side of it." Of the portrait of James Whitcomb Riley the writer says that there was never a worse libel done in the lineaments of a man of brains; and this is how he disposes of the portrait of Thomas B. Reed: "There he had in his subject a man, a wit, a forensic wonder! and, by Gad! sir, he put, on a stingy little twenty by thirty canvas, what is nothing better than a paintily painted muttonhead, overtopped by an unnaturally bulging forehead." This critic is evidently very angry with Mr. Sargent, but as we have not seen the portraits we reserve judgment as to his conclusions.

THE new handy edition of William Penn's "Some Fruits of Solitude," just issued by Messrs. Constable, suggests very forcibly the ups and downs in the fortunes of an individual book. In his introduction Mr. Edmund Gosse tells us that the book had become so completely forgotten that London was searched for a long time before a copy could be found. Yet the book was once extremely popular, and in the eighteenth century was seldom out of print. "Some Fruits of Solitude" was beloved by Stevenson. Readers of his letters will remember that he came across it when he was alone and miserable in San Francisco, and how its simple maxims strengthened his faith in the world and in himself. Two years later he wrote to Horatio Brown concerning it: "If ever in all my 'human conduct' I have done a better thing to any fellow-creature than handing on to you this sweet, dignified, and wholesome book, I know I shall hear of it on the last day."

THE person calling himself "Aubrey Newton," who had stolen several articles from our columns, one of which he sold to the "Literary World," and another to the "St. James's Gazette," was last week prosecuted at Marlborough Street Police Court for fraud, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

It seems that one of the business results of the new Education Act has been to effect the sale of text-books and school literature generally. The publishers of such books hardly yet know what changes they may have to meet.

12 September, 1903.

A CORRESPONDENT of "The Times," writing about the Shakespeare relics at Stratford-on-Avon, says:—

From time to time I have myself carefully investigated the history of some of the treasures stored at the birthplace in Henley Street, at New Place, and at the cottage at Shottery; and I have arrived at the conclusion that the trustees would be performing a public service by reconsidering the advisability of retaining or removing a large number of them.

The writer proceeds to say that "all who have a regard for truth, for decency, and for Shakespeare's fair fame should help to disperse the stupid legends which have grown up about him, and consign to the dust-heap the 'relics' which have no definite history and only serve to perpetuate error and create false impressions." But the most interesting part of the communication consists in an extract from a letter sent to the writer by Joseph Skipsey, the Pitman Poet, and former custodian of Shakespeare's birthplace. Mr. Skipsey, who died the other day, resigned his post somewhat suddenly, and on his return to Newcastle wrote:—

I must not conceal from you the fact that there was another reason [beyond a personal reason specified] why I should resign, and that was that I had gradually lost faith in the so-called relics which it was the duty of the custodian to show, and, if possible, to explain to the visitor at the birthplace. This loss of faith was the result of a long and severe inquiry into which I was driven by questions from time to time put to my wife and me by intelligent visitors; and the effect of it on myself was such as almost to cause a paralysis of the brain. . . . That our Shakespeare was born in Henley Street I continue fully to believe, and that the house yet shown as the Shakespeare House stands on the site of the house in which he was born I also believe (and it was sacred to me on that account); but a man must be in a position to speak in more positive terms than these if he is to fill the post of custodian of that house; and the more I thought of it the more and more I was unable to do this. As to the idle gossip, the so-called traditions and legends of the place, they are for the most part an abomination and must stink in the nostrils of every true lover of our divine poet.

Readers of Mr. Henry James's latest volume of short stories will find in one of them a practically exact parallel to this confession, worked out with the utmost skill and delicacy.

UNDER the will of the late Mr. William Pearce, son of Charles Dickens' father's landlord, the birth-place of the novelist is to be put up for public auction, and a committee of the Town Council of Portsmouth has recommended that the Corporation should buy it for the purpose of a museum. According to Forster, Dickens remembered playing in the garden of this house, but there must be some mistake here, for there is documentary evidence that the family left it in June, 1812, only four-and-a-half months after Charles' birth. They did not, however, come up to Chatham until he was two years old, so that it is quite possible that it was to another house in Portsmouth that his reminiscences went back.

STEEPHILL CASTLE and Estate in the Isle of Wight has been purchased by private treaty by Mr. John Morgan Richards. Steephill Castle, says the "Star," was formerly the residence of the Hambroughs, and would in the ordinary course have been inherited by the unfortunate lad who met with such a tragic and mysterious end at Ardlamont. It was occupied on more than one occasion by the late Empress of Austria during her visits to the island. It stands in a fine position above the road from Ventnor to Blackgang Chine, and is said to resemble Stoltzenfels on the Rhine. It was built by the late Mr. Hambrough about seventy years ago, and occupies the site of the cottage residence which was built by Mr. Hans Stanley when Governor of the Isle of Wight in 1770.

The mansion is in the style of a Gothic castle of the time of King Stephen, and was the last work of Sanderson, the restorer of Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey. There are about forty acres of beautiful grounds.

MR. JACK LONDON, whose remarkable story, "The Call of the Wild," we reviewed recently, is one of the small band of fortunate young writers who have turned their early experience to almost instant account. Mr. London is now only in his twenty-eighth year, yet he has unmistakeably secured his public, which is much, and legitimate success, which is more. His father was a nomadic trapper, and the boy was born to poverty and hard work. In his tenth year he came within reach of books, and when he was not at school he was searching out in books the printed secret of romance. But soon he faced life and its possibilities of romance in earnest, and found both in the marine scum of San Francisco. Since then he has done many things, including that journey to Klondike which is the background of "The Call of the Wild." Mr. London was fortunate in his early experiences; there are many of us who would give twenty years of Europe for five of his earliest years.

In an interview with Dr. Furnivall in "Great Thoughts" we find some interesting second-hand reminiscences of Shelley. Dr. Furnivall is reported to have said:—

I was from my childhood associated with people of very high intellect. For instance, though my own memory does not of course extend so very far back as to the days when Shelley lived by the banks of the Thames, yet my father was the intimate friend of that wonderful poet. Percy Bysshe Shelley had a residence first at Englefield Green. He next moved to Marlow. My father was a surgeon at Egham. He attended the famous wife of Shelley, who had been Mary Godwin, during an illness, and thus the poet and the medical man became very intimate, and even loving friends. While Shelley lived at Marlow he was in the habit of rowing much on the Thames in a boat which he kept for exercise and recreation. He often rowed to Windsor, and would then walk across Runnymede to my father's house. When offered refreshment he would never touch either meat or wine, but would usually say, "Let me have a little bread and a dish of milk." . . . Shelley was a most fascinating character. His wife was of a most imperious and exacting temperament, but he used to endure her demonstrations with admirable patience. Yet his domestic experiences may have accounted for many of his vagaries.

This is surely a new light on Mrs. Shelley? And of what "vagaries" was Shelley guilty after Mary Godwin came into his life?

THE "SKETCH" photographic interview this week is with Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne. Mr. Hyne confided to his interviewer that success did not come to him at a rush; "he worked hard for six years continuously before he was able to make fifty pounds a year by his pen." It was Captain Kettle who did the trick, but even Captain Kettle needed some backing. Mr. Hyne once took a MS. to Mr. Harmsworth, which the latter read. "I don't care about your hero," said Mr. Harmsworth, "but that little Captain fellow seems to me very new and fresh, and if you were to develop him and make him the central figure of some stories you ought to do well with him." So began the exploitation of the little man with the torpedo beard.

VERSE writers who have been discouraged by the not unnatural timidity of publishers may still take heart. There always remains the old subscription method. We hear of a volume of verse soon to be published which the

subscription method is to give to the world. We know nothing of the merit in this particular instance, but the mere fact of publication by subscription shows that the old methods, may, as a last resort, be usefully employed. And certainly it is much better that a couple of hundred people should provide three shillings each than that the author, as so often happens, should bear the whole cost. At least a circulation of two hundred copies is assured.

In the introductory note to his just published volume, "Plays, Acting, and Music," Mr. Arthur Symons says:—

The book is intended to form part of a series, on which I have been engaged for many years. I am gradually working my way towards the concrete expression of a theory, or system of aesthetics, of all the arts. In my book on "The Symbolist Movement in Literature" I made a first attempt to deal in this way with literature; other volumes, now in preparation, are to follow. The present volume deals mainly with the stage, and, secondarily, with music; it is to be followed by a volume called "Studies in the Seven Arts," in which music will be dealt with in greater detail, side by side with painting, sculpture, architecture, handicraft, dancing, and the various arts of the stage. And, as life too is a form of art, and the visible word the chief storehouse of beauty, I try to indulge my curiosity by the study of places and of people.

I do not understand the limitation by which so many writers on aesthetics choose to confine themselves to the study of artistic principles as they are seen in this or that separate form of art. Each art has its own laws, its own capacities, its own limits; these it is the business of the critic jealously to distinguish. Yet, in the study of art as art, it should be his endeavour to master the universal science of beauty.

These last are wise and reasonable words.

WE regret to have to record the death of Mr. James Martin. Mr. Martin was until quite recently Messrs. Blackie's London manager, with whom he was connected throughout the whole of his active life. He was, as it were, born a publisher, having received his early business training under his father, Mr. Alexander Martin, who was his immediate predecessor as Messrs. Blackie's London manager. Mr. Alexander Martin entered upon the office about the year 1837, having previously, for many years, held a similar appointment in Scotland under the same firm. Mr. James Martin became, in due course, his father's assistant, and succeeded him as manager in the sixties. He continued to hold office until the summer of 1901, when he retired from business.

In the "Strand Magazine" a number of artists have been replying to the question: What is the finest view in London? St. Paul's seems to find most favour, though the points of view vary. Mr. Orchardson thinks you should plant yourself right in front of it, so as to avoid distraction; Mr. Frank Dicksee prefers it from the bottom of Ludgate Circus, and he even finds an added charm in the smoke from the railway traffic over the hideous bridge: Mr. Briton Riviere likes to look at it in sunshine "from the neighbourhood of Smithfield, say just behind the ancient church of St. Bartholomew the Great." We think, on the whole, that St. Paul's has it, but we prefer a stretch of the river thrown in.

THE three writers, whose birthdays fall during this month, dealt with in the current "English Illustrated Magazine" are Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. S. R. Crockett, and Mr. W. W. Jacobs. The bibliographies are particularly interesting, including as they do magazine articles and reviews which have not in many cases been reprinted. Mr. Gosse's list runs to over two columns,

Mr. Crockett's and Mr. Jacobs's to half that length. In addition to lists of the author's work, magazine articles on them are also recorded.

A CORRESPONDENT draws our attention to the following remarkable item in a bookseller's catalogue:—

371. Meredith (George). "Tess of D'Urbervilles," First Edition, 3 vols., cr. 8vo, original cloth, 12s. 6d. 1891.

A WRITER in "Gunton's Magazine" has been discussing the Boy in Fiction. She contrasts the "sanity of imagination and freedom from artificial standards" which she finds in modern fiction with "the spurious realism and sham convention" which characterised such books as "Sandford and Merton." It is perfectly true that the boy in fiction has grown more human and boy-like, but his evolution is not quite modern, nor do we see that, as the writer supposes, he is now "a representative of national standards and ideals." To so burden him would be almost as bad as to continue the "Sandford and Merton" tradition. Has any living English writer done the boy in fiction so well as Henry Kingsley did him in half-a-dozen books?

MR. JOHN DAVIDSON, we understand, is to prepare an English version of Racine's "Phèdre" for Mrs. Patrick Campbell, to be produced early next year. It seems a pity that Mr. Davidson's dramatic instinct cannot express itself in original work with some prospect of theatrical success. His early dramas, published in volume form, such as "Bruce," and "Smith: a Tragic Farce," were not adapted for the stage, but they at least showed that Mr. Davidson had qualities which the ordinary dramatist usually lacks.

It was stated in the ACADEMY this time last year that there was some likelihood that the life-story of Thomas Davidson, "the Wandering Scholar," would at no distant date be presented to the world. We have now to announce that Emeritus-Professor Knight, who has been devoting his leisure, since he quitted the chair of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrew's, to literary work, has been collecting material for a monograph on Davidson. In this work Prof. Knight has the assistance and interest of several of the erudite Aberdonian's friends in America, and of Mr. Morrison Davidson, who, we believe, will supply a chapter relating to the early years of his brother. Dr. Knight, however, does not expect to have the book ready for some time yet.

It is rather remarkable that the best of Charles Cotton's poetry should have been out of print for a couple of centuries. One would have supposed that his association with Izaak Walton would have saved his verse from so long an oblivion. He was not always clean, but on that account no generation can justly be too indignant. As no publisher has thought well on his own account to reprint Cotton's best verse we are glad to hear that it is proposed to be done privately, and at a reasonable cost to subscribers. Those who are interested in the matter may apply for a prospectus to Mr. J. R. Tutin, Great Fencote, Bedale, Yorkshire.

THIS week Darwin's "Origin of Species" may be bought for sixpence in an unabridged form. The publishers are the Rationalist Press Association, of whose ten reprints nearly 400,000 copies have been sold. The success of these cheap reprints of solid literature is, on the whole, very encouraging.

In the current "Fortnightly Review" Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson has an enthusiastic, but just, appreciation of Stevenson. We are not by any means sure, but this is by the way, that realism was so strongly in flood when Stevenson arose to stem it with romance as Mr. Watson supposes. Balzac, whom Mr. Watson derives from our Richardson and Fielding, was a realist almost by accident, and he certainly sometimes worked in pure romance; Thackeray, too, was a realist only when the mood took him. But there is no reason why realism should not go hand in hand with romance; we use realism in a proper sense and not with the gloss which misuse has put upon it. In the following passage we are entirely with Mr. Watson :

I think it was Mr. Quiller-Couch who confessed that he had in his youth been over-fond of Stevenson, but, like Prince Hal, "being awake he did despise himself"—or rather, to put it nicely, in his maturer years he found Stevenson too Corinthian for him. With me the course has been just the opposite—whereas I under-valued Stevenson in my salad days, I grow to admire his style more and more with the thinning of my hair. English writers have been charged by foreign critics with neglect of style, and so far as that accusation applies to modern authors, it is well founded. Thackery very often wrote with his elbow, and Dickens was almost as slipshod. But it was not true of our classical writers of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and it is to these that Stevenson made a reversion. On that plea alone, and because he thereby set a bright example of painstaking and brilliant writing, Stevenson has earned our gratitude. When he arrived he found the majority of literary aspirants smudging their foolscap with sloppy writing; when he left he bequeathed a tradition of careful, fastidious English to his contemporaries.

Mr. Watson, of course, goes a little too far; there were a few writers, even literary aspirants, who did not "slop," but in the main he is right.

Bibliographical.

We are to have, it seems, a fresh collection of the verse of Lord de Tabley, with, I gather, a certain number of hitherto unpublished pieces. The tendency nowadays is to the celebration of a poet in this fashion, and undoubtedly it is useful to have the larger part, if not the whole, of a poet's work within the limits of one binding. Otherwise, I daresay most of us were and are satisfied with the two companion volumes of "Poems Dramatic and Lyrical" by Lord de Tabley issued in 1893 and 1895. They were handy and pleasing to the eye, and the selection had the author's supervision and sanction. Since then we have had his "Orpheus in Thrace, and Other Poems," edited by Elizabeth Lady Leighton-Warren, and produced two years ago. His Lordship's reputation as a poet has rather obscured his miscellaneous literary work, such as the "Essay on Greek Federal Coinage" (1863), "On Some Coins of Lycia and the Lycian League" (1863), the "Guide to the Study of Book Plates" (1880), and "The Flora of Cheshire" (1899). His two novels, "A Screw Loose" (1868) and "Ropes of Sand" (1869), are not, I fear, in demand at Smith's or Mudie's.

Christina Rossetti's Poems also are to be brought within the dimensions of one volume, into which two will be compressed. These two are the "Poems" which appeared in a new and enlarged edition in 1890-91, and the "New Poems, hitherto unpublished or uncollected," which came out in 1896. In this case we are promised "the Complete Poems," and one cannot but hope that the edition will be definitive. For the "memoir" which is to precede the poems, and the notes which are to follow them, Mr. William Rossetti, who is to provide them, should have a multiplicity of material, despite the large measure of

biographical and bibliographical detail which has already been made public.

The "Crabbe" of Canon Ainger and the "Fanny Burney" of Mr. Austin Dobson, in the "English Men of Letters" series, are evidently within measurable distance of issue. The latter will be welcomed with especial fervour, for it will supply the immemorial "felt want." Not only does Miss Burney deserve a place in the series, but she needs a biographer. We have, of course, her "Diary and Letters" (first published in 1842-46, and reprinted in 1891), and we have the memoirs of Dr. Burney (1832), with a heap of contemporary matter. But that is not enough; the present-day reader wants this all sifted for him and reduced to chronological order, and that is what Mr. Dobson is so eminently well-qualified to do. With regard to Crabbe, one has not quite the same feeling, for the "Life" by his son (reprinted with the Poems in 1901) and Mr. Kebbel's monograph in the "Great Writers" series (1886) seem to meet the case sufficiently well. But of course Canon Ainger's work will be read with interest and added with pleasure to one's bookshelves.

The verse of the late Mr. Joseph Skipsey, though some of it was printed in 1859, appears to have first come before the reading public, in book form, in 1862, when his "Poems, Songs, and Ballads" were issued. In 1864 came "The Collier Lad, and Other Poems," and in 1871 another volume of "Poems." Seven years later came his "Book of Miscellaneous Lyrics," of which a new and revised edition were brought out in 1881. Next we had "Carols from the Coal Fields" (1886), with a biographical note from the pen of R. S. Watson. "Songs and Lyrics, Collected and Revised," were published in 1892, and since that date their author had been silent. He figures, of course, in the Valhalla provided by Mr. Alfred Miles in "Poets and Poetry of the Century" (in the volume "Kingsley to Thomson"). He would seem to have been the first editor of Messrs. Walter Scott's "Canterbury Poets," to which he contributed selections from the poetry of Burns, Blake, Shelley, and Poe, in each case with a prefatory note—all four volumes appearing in 1885.

Among the new volumes of the "Temple Classics" will be Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," but the name of the translator chosen is not given in the briefer announcements. The latest version, apparently, was that of L. Gidley, published at Oxford in 1870; prior to that was the version added to Bohn's Antiquarian Library in 1847. Before that, again, came Stevens's, revised by J. A. Giles, in 1840. Farther back than that we need not go. The Old English text was issued by the Early English Text Society in 1890. To the "Temple Autobiographies" is to be added that of Hector Berlioz in a new translation. The version which has hitherto held the field is that by Rachel and Eleanor Holmes, published in two volumes in 1884. The narrative covers the ground between 1803 and 1865, including Berlioz' visits to Italy, Germany, Russia, and England.

A new edition of the "Book of Ballads by Bon Gaultier," with a preface in which Sir Theodore Martin will tax his memory to say which of the Ballads were written by him and which by Aytoun, will be *bonne bouche* indeed. Into how many editions have the Ballads run? My own copy is part of the twelfth edition (with illustrations by Doyle, Leech, and Crowquill) which appeared in 1874.

A welcome announcement is that of the third and fourth volumes of Mr. W. J. Courthope's "History of English Poetry," the publication of which began in 1895. I wonder if there would be a public for Warton's "History" if it were re-issued. The latest edition of it, I fancy, was in four volumes.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

An Apostle of the Life Force.

MAN AND SUPERMAN. By Bernard Shaw. (Constable.)

In the witty and entertaining epistle "To Arthur Bingham Walkley" which stands for a preface to "Man and Superman," Mr. Shaw insists, not perhaps for the first time, upon the profound seriousness of his own attitude towards life. "You know me," he says in effect to his public, "in the dual and, it might be thought, antagonistic capacities of a buffoon and a vestryman. Let me impress it upon you that it is the vestryman and not the other who is *le vrai Shaw*. The buffooning is a pretty knack, which serves to attract attention. I share it with Shakespeare and other romantic artists whom I do not take quite as seriously as I take Bunyan, Blake, Hogarth, Turner, Goethe, Shelley, Schopenhauer, Wagner, Ibsen, Morris, Tolstoy, and Nietzsche. But at heart the only kind of artist that I think it worth while to be is he who, like those I have named, identifies himself with the purposes of the world as he understands it."

This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognised by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy. And also the only real tragedy in life is the being used by personally minded men for purposes which you recognise to be base. All the rest is at worst mere misfortune or mortality; this alone is misery, slavery, hell on earth, and the revolt against it is the only force that offers a man's work to the poor artist, whom our personally minded rich people would so willingly employ as pandar, buffoon, beauty monger, sentimentalizer, and the like.

Chaff apart, we are perfectly willing to take Mr. Shaw at his own valuation, the more so as it only serves to confirm the conviction which we very strongly hold, that of all forms of art comedy is one of the most serious, the comic poet essentially the philosopher who walks about seeing the world as it is, and, like Goethe in Matthew Arnold's poem, striking his finger on the place, and saying: "Thou ailest here and here!" Merely as buffoonery, "Man and Superman" is as good as anything which Mr. Shaw has done. Omit the long dream-episode in the third act, which is confessedly an excrescence, and you get a most effective comedy, full of astonishingly clever satirical dialogue, and of whimsical and ingenious situations which betray the born playwright. We sincerely trust that the Stage Society will see their way to producing it next season. And through all the sparkle and humour, the main dramatic intention reveals itself as what Mr. Shaw claims that it is, a philosophical one. He has saved us a great deal of trouble, and perhaps himself a great deal of misrepresentation, by becoming his own critic. In Ann Whitefield and Violet Robinson, and their ways with mankind, we see, through the medium of comedy, Mr. Shaw's reading of the duel of sex. According to this, it is woman, the romantic convention to the contrary notwithstanding, who takes the initiative. Ann is Everywoman, just as Don Juan in the older play was Everyman. And Juan is now no longer the pursuer but the pursued, the victim, even with his eyes open and against his will, of the irresistible "Life Force" which works through woman, and urges her on to the perpetuation of her kind:—

Don Juan has come to birth as a stage projection of the tragic-comic love-chase of the man by the woman; and my Don Juan is the quarry instead of the huntsman. Yet he is a true Don Juan, with a sense of reality that disables convention, defying to the last the fiat which finally overtakes him. The woman's need of him, to enable her to carry on Nature's most urgent work, does not prevail against him until

his resistance gathers her energy to a climax at which she dares to throw away her customary exploitations of the conventional affectionate and dutiful poses, and claim him by natural right for a purpose that far transcends their mortal personal purposes.

This statement, then, of the way in which the Life Force, as he sees it, accomplishes its aim of keeping the race going, is Mr. Shaw's criticism of life, the meaning of his comedy. And how then does the Superman, whatever the Superman may be, come in? Well, as a matter of fact, he does not, in any effective way, so far as the play itself goes. Mr. John Tanner, the object of Miss Ann Whitefield's love-chase, believes in him and talks about him and dreams about him, but Mr. Tanner's views do not succeed in modifying the manifestations of the Life Force. But, to make amends for this, he figures largely in the dedicatory epistle, and in the "Revolutionist's Handbook" which is printed as an appendix, and is understood to be the systematic expression of Mr. Tanner's philosophy, and also in the stage-directions, the full value of which as mediums for theoretical disquisitions has now been realised by Mr. Shaw. It need hardly be said that to every thinker his own Superman, and that, while to Nietzsche the Superman is a combination of the tiger and the satyr, with an active hatred for Christianity, and while to Mr. H. G. Wells he is a kind of glorified civil engineer, to Mr. Shaw he is not altogether unlike a vestryman with the ideals of a Bunyan. He is actually to be brought about by "the old method of trial and error," but it is clear that he will be an extremely ethical person, even if his ethical conceptions differ very considerably from those now current. He "will snap his superfingers at all Man's present trumpery ideals of right, duty, honour, justice, religion, even decency, and accept moral obligations beyond present human endurance." In Mr. Shaw's case, one gathers, the illusion of the Superman has grown up out of the disillusion of progress. Mr. Shaw is a disappointed reformer, living in a period of reaction. He has come to see that the world is not advancing, as our grandfathers hoped, by the development of institutions to the perfectibility of man. Democracy has not brought about the millennium. The discovery of a drainage-system in the palace of Minos has borne it in upon him that even modern sanitary science does not necessarily bear within it the immediate promise and potency of a renewed golden age. He might have quoted that grave doubt of Mommsen's whether the world has ever really been so happy since as it was under the beneficent sway of the Antonines. And so, at odds with progress, Mr. Shaw turns to the Superman. Here, he reasons, is the Life Force working through the blind sexual instincts towards the perfect man. How can man better contribute towards his own destiny than by striving to accelerate this working, and turning what has been an unconscious process into a conscious one? Progress has failed him: he must be born again, and, as Mrs. Poyser put it, "born different." Therefore, if we understand Mr. Shaw aright, he proposes first of all to sweep away those obstacles to the free operation of the Life Force which the inequalities set up by the conventions of property and marriage at present interpose, and then to initiate a series of experiments in breeding, in the hope of discovering the Superman by "the old method of trial and error." It is a generous aspiration, full of the child-like optimism which is the true stuff of which reformers are made. But before Mr. Shaw sets out upon the rather wholesale course of rebuilding the world nearer to the heart's desire which he indicates, we should like to point out to him that the success of his scheme all depends upon the initial assumption that the Life Force, as manifested in the sexual instinct, is, as a matter of fact, aiming at the production of a perfect man at all; and that of this there is no evidence whatever. Biology teaches that it is the end

of the Life Force—pardon the teleological way of putting it!—to secure the permanence of life: but for *perfect* life, in the wholly human and ethical sense which Mr. Shaw attaches to the term, there is no room in the formula. Biologically, ethics are a luxury and not a necessity. Life would continue without them, and that it would be a bestial life is a matter to which, so far as one can tell, the Life Force is indifferent. So long as Man is kept going, his goodness or happiness are no more to the Force than those of the woolly rhinoceros or the Arctic flea. His ideals only become a matter of concern when they rise or sink to a point which threatens the extinction of the species. And of course this has never happened. Further, Mr. Shaw's doctrine implies that the most important element in the production of moral ideals and moral character is breeding. This is very doubtful. Breeding has something to say to it; but tradition, education, imitation—in a word, environment—infinitely more. It is by these that the Superman, if he is to come at all—of which there is no assurance—must be developed.

A Teacher.

A MEMOIR OF ANNE JEMIMA CLOUGH, FIRST PRINCIPAL OF NEWNHAM COLLEGE. By her Niece, Blanche Athena Clough. (Edward Arnold. 6s.)

On this new edition of the memoir of Miss Clough by her niece we need not specially comment in regard to its qualities. The plan of giving an outline of each special period in Miss Clough's life, and then supplementing it by extracts from her journal or the memories of friends, is workmanlike but inartistic. Boswell's skilful interweaving of Johnson's letters in Johnson's life is the ideal, but only possible to an accomplished hand. And the memoir generally partakes of this sober, practical character, claiming no kindred with literature. But it has much interest, for those who will observingly distil it out. From the recollections of friends one gets some real conception of Miss Clough in her later life, and from her own hand a still more vivid idea of her in her early years. The story of her life is simple and straightforward. The daughter of a sanguine, fair-haired, blue-eyed father, rash, obstinate, adventurous, and careless in his business transactions, practical and with no love for books; of a dark, tall, stately mother, idealistic and religious, worshipping duty and heroic men; she was bred in the South American town of Charleston. Removing to Liverpool when she was about sixteen, she fell under the domination of her brother, Arthur Hugh Clough, the poet, and of a precocious passion for teaching girls—inspired by her brother, her niece thinks, though she gives no reason for the opinion. She began to teach girls in the Liverpool schools; and it became a passion which determined all her after-life. Removed to Ambleside, she still organised classes. Deprived of both her parents, and forced to live with others in the North of England, she struck out a scheme of lecture classes for the higher education of women, which, starting from Manchester, rapidly spread to Sheffield, Leeds, Liverpool, and finally Newcastle, resulting in the formation of the North of England Council. Its success caused a memorial to Cambridge University, praying for the institution of special lectures for women. A lecture committee was formed at Cambridge, headed by Prof. Henry Sidgwick, and lectures were thrown open to women. The increase of outside students compelled the establishment of a house of residence for women at Cambridge, and Miss Clough was invited by Prof. Sidgwick to become its principal. That house developed into Merton Hall; and finally the growth of residents necessitated the erection of a special building for them—Newnham College. As the principal of Newnham College, Miss Clough became one of the best-known names in connection with

the higher education of women. In that culminated her life and her life-work.

Such is a brief account of what this woman did—a remarkable work enough. What she was, that she came to do it—this is what concerns us. Let us consider the Alpha and Omega of her, the first and the last. And let us, for sufficient reason, take the end before the beginning. We are given many pictures of the Newnham Principal, and they show us a singularly attractive, contradictory, and almost pathetic figure. A woman with flashes of an originally impetuous and domineering temper breaking out at moments from an habitual restraint, to her own smouldering after-reproach; tenacious and assertive of will, yet so timid and hesitant in manner (the result of an introspective nature breeding social self-consciousness and awkwardness) as to suggest a superficial impression of deficient character. Therewithal no egotistic lack of sympathy, such as commonly accompanies introspection, but a singularly sympathetic power of interesting herself in the most various and innumerable individual character—divining and interesting herself in it without sharing it. When she first became Principal she made mistakes. Accustomed to deal with girls socially below her, over whom she could exercise a certain admitted authority, she was afraid of these girls who, out of school, were her social equals, and used to a certain independence. Says one of them:—

I believe we were all hard-working and well-intentioned, but during that first year there was a good deal of friction between Miss Clough and some of us. I think we were almost entirely to blame, and I never cease to be astonished at our want of appreciation in those days. We did not really understand her at all. I believe if she had had more weaknesses and limitations, we should have liked her better. We failed to see the great outlines of her character, her selflessness, her strong purpose, her extraordinary sympathy. She had some obvious faults of manner, and these we did see and probably exaggerated. She did not dress well or walk well, and she had a certain timidity and irresoluteness. The venture of women's education in Cambridge was a new one: she was, I think, a little afraid of us, and did not know what we might do next. She had not had much to do with girls of our age before, and perhaps she treated us too much like schoolgirls. She did not quite enter into our notions of fun; perhaps she took things a little too seriously, and so she did not gain our full confidence in those early days. And then, we lived too much together. I believe we should have appreciated her more if we had not been obliged to be so constantly with her.

With a more collegiate and less domestic life things bettered; the girls had distance to take in her real kindness and minute care for them. She was the reverse of a "new woman." She records that her girls "tried croquet and cricket; they happily could not do cricket." We should not startle nowadays at girls who played cricket. She had the wisdom "to be silent about what happened" while she was feeling her way with these students. They learned to perceive her kindness. One of them records:—

There was nothing one was interested in that did not interest her. . . . I well remember how she used to inquire about my father and mother and sisters and brother, and how she used to recollect what I had told her about them, and was always ready to take up the subject of my personal concerns just where I had left it.

When this same girl was crippled for work by ill-health, Miss Clough was always devising little messages and other trifles to employ her, and make her feel herself of use. When another girl was leaving early in the morning, the Principal was anxious the servant should not lose her rest by waiting on the girl; but herself appeared in the morning with a basket of strawberries, and—"My dear, I thought it would be nice for you to have some strawberries for your journey." A student revisiting the college after eleven years was met by Miss Clough "with

a surprised and disappointed face." "Why, my dear, you always used to be late for breakfast," she exclaimed, "so I told them to keep so-and-so hot for you till nine o'clock." Yet an American girl said that, though she disobeyed her father and mother on principle, she could not disobey Miss Clough. This woman had a strong latent determination, which got its own way at last. The timidity was a superficial thing, a social *gaucherie*. She was certainly too busy about detail, not free from the fussiness of "old maids." She hated new-womanliness; but her way of opposing it was characteristic, reminding one of the stories about St. Philip Neri. If a girl wore her hair in a fringe, Miss Clough would push it aside, with—"I like to see your forehead." Another girl had horrified her by defending knickerbockers for women. She appeared before the Principal in a long, handsome cloak. Miss Clough took hold of it. "What a nice cloak you've got, my dear! Much nicer than knickerbockers."

The girl who developed into this woman is shown with remarkable intimacy in the diary of her early years. The minuteness of this diary itself shows a nature more introspective and apart (despite her external activities of teaching) than is quite wholesome for any one. But it is a curious and very interesting document of youthful feminine character. Her temper is a subject she often laments: she was then awkward in social intercourse, and forced herself with difficulty to call on the parents of the girls she was teaching in Liverpool (to that teaching we referred in the outset of our article). When she was sixteen, one of her female friends wrote to her that "she was certainly more gentle in spirit than in manner." When "the children know me, and speak my name," it was "delicious to me, and more worth than a thousand praises." She records:—

I have got a great deal of indolence to conquer, vacancy of mind, bad thoughts of various kinds, thinking too much of myself and all I do, and of the faults and failings of others. . . . I must not mind being thought ill of.

On such themes much of her journal enlarges, and on her lack of expression, which she never overcame; being both in speech and management the most immethodical of beings. Vanity and inward self-sufficiency were among the things she combated. She began teaching that she might give the girls "a knowledge of the world they lived in"—a knowledge to be given by a girl of sixteen! "How grand it would be if I could have a season at the Wellington Room balls! I would carry myself very high . . . in short, cut a regular flash." But these thoughts are followed by their antidote. Then, too:—

I sometimes think about marriage. I don't know how I should like it. I believe, in truth, I don't care about it, but I do think of it sometimes, and there is a vast deal of nonsense in my heart, too.

That often recurs, always with like frankness, and always severely qualified as "nonsense." Doubtless she did *not* really "care about it," and there was little danger for a girl to whom the natural longing for love was "nonsense," a thing to be suppressed. Once she says, frankly, that she feels she could love greatly. But her ideas of love were too severe and elevated for any likely practical result. It is such girls who never marry, never meeting their exacting ideal. She had no true love of literature, though a thirst for learning. She is always virtuously "mastering" this poet or author. She is fond of Wordsworth—and Cowper. The juxtaposition has a world of suggestion. Evidently she looks on poetry with a mere ethical eye. At the lakes she tersely mentions that she met "Greaves, the guide, a widow at Buttermere, Mrs. Nicholson, some children, Arthur's pupils, Bradley, Church, Fisher, Bastard, Gibson. Saw Wordsworth and Miss Martineau." For all she says, Wordsworth was no

more to her than Greaves the guide, or the "widow at Buttermere." She read at Grasmere—"Life in Dalecarlia," by Miss Bremer; 'The Betrothed,' an Italian work; Emerson's Essays; some of Wordsworth; 'The Rose of Tistelön'; some pieces out of the 'Prospective Review'; part of Blanco White's Life; some little of Tennyson." A miscellaneous and colourless list, showing just a virtuous desire to "master" things. Manzoni, clearly, is to her just "an Italian work"; and out of them all, what impressed her? Emerson, Tennyson?—Blaneo White and the "Prospective Review"! they had "a tremendous effect" on her; for they took her on the practical, prosaic, religious—or anti-religious—side, which is strongest with the "serious" Englishwoman. We wish we could further follow this singularly candid diary of a developing girl. But enough has been quoted to suggest what she overcame, and something of what she developed, before she blossomed into the kindly supervisor of girls, and the steadfast apostle of that higher female education the lack of which she had felt in her youth.

"Love One Another."

THE DOWKHOBORS. By Joseph Elkinton. (Philadelphia: Ferris and Leach.)

The account of any spiritual belief possessed of sufficient vitality for martyrdom, is inevitably interesting. It carries the reader into the atmosphere of invisible forces, and of the one indestructibly alluring subject—the mystery of the soul and the future life. There is no man, however material or healthy, who is not vaguely affected by this problem of something outside and sequent to earthly existence. While to the majority—the old, the sick, the delicate, and the temperamentally spiritual—its interest is incalculable. Once let physical vigour decline, and something arise to give meaning to the tragic rapidity of life, it becomes, in nine cases out of every ten, an imperative necessity. The subject then of any strongly operative faith becomes one of singular absorption. Apart from the sense of beauty conveyed by any genuinely spiritual behaviour, there is usually the half sub-conscious hope of further personal enlightenment. The chance of striking individually a spark of light from the flame of another's fierce conviction is seldom totally absent from the reader dealing with religious dissents or abnormal communities.

The history of the Dowkhobors, told by Mr. Elkinton, is worth reading. From beginning to end it is pervaded by the almost fragrant emanation of fine and simple conduct. The Dowkhobors, however mistaken in certain of their religious interpretations, have certainly absorbed with an almost passionate intensity Christ's precept, "Love one another." In Russia, and in Canada, everybody who has had acquaintance with them testifies equally to their immutable gentleness, courtesy, and forbearance. It seems as if a cheerful sweetness was the principal characteristic of the Dowkhobors. We find this not only in the statements of the various officials and friends who dealt with them on their arrival in Canada, but in the abundant photographs with which Mr. Elkinton's book is enriched. The faces have almost without exception a look of frankness and gaiety. The expressions of both men and women are quite peculiarly intelligent and kindly.

The Dowkhobors, or spirit wrestlers, are, however, not actually the propounders of a new religion. They are merely a people who interpret some of the doctrines of Christ literally. Their deviations from orthodoxy consist in a refusal to bear arms, and so kill their fellow men, in their communal tenure of land and property, in their vegetarianism, and in their refusal to register births, deaths, and marriages. Their arguments on these latter points are primitive and unconvincing. The Dowkhobors are Russian peasants, and their grasp of legislative

questions is at present, owing partly to their want of education and partly to their Russian experiences, of the most feeble nature. In Canada, where they have emigrated, their refusal to register was tendered on the ground that a marriage, for instance, cannot become legal—

because it is recorded in a police register, and a fee of two dollars paid for it. On the contrary we believe that such recording and payment annuls marriage and breaks up its real legality. We believe that the real legislation of a marriage union is brought about freely as a result of pure feeling, of a mutual moral affection between men and women.

Upon this point of registration, in spite of the consideration and patience shown by the Canadian government, no satisfactory arrangement has as yet been arrived at. It is hoped, however, that with education the Dowkhobors, who in other respects are ideal colonists, being scrupulously clean, honest, and laborious, will come to regard those minor concessions as spiritually insignificant relinquishments.

It is the more likely as the great and central idea of the Dowkhobors is an affirmation that the spirit lies essentially within, and that only the goodness springing from the individual heart is of any efficiency. Complicated forms and dogmas they discard. Praise and blame are equally absent from their methods. The first is not used because both vanity and self-consciousness canker holiness, and evil they are too tender to regard with anything but pity. As a writer who knows them expressed in a letter:—

Therefore there are no vain actions, as nobody will praise them; there are no actions from fear of censure on the part of the brethren as, no one will blame them; there are no actions out of blind submission to the majority, as no one either expects or demands anything from another.

The same writer was in one of their huts in Russia when the news came of a Dowkhobor, tortured for refusal to bear arms, who, unable to bear the agony, had consented to serve. Their instant attitude was purely one of sorrow and sympathy. "Dear lad, he had to bear much pain." All expressed compassionate regret, insisting upon the sensitiveness of his nature, upon his youth, and the intolerable suffering borne. No idea of blame appeared to enter into their thoughts.

Mr. Elkinton's book gives both an account of their Canadian experiences and their history from the beginning in Russia, where a long series of martyrdoms dragged off in excess of pain all that was feeble or superficial in the doctrines they were not only prepared to live by, but, if necessary, to endure any horrible death for.

From a literary point of view Mr. Elkinton's book lacks skill in construction. The reader seems a little to wander backwards and forwards over the ground. But the writing is temperate and clear, and the interest of the subject is in itself considerable. A religion which has made from the raw material of Russian peasants a sect in which cleanliness is a form of holiness, and in which both cruelty and any form of melancholy are equally absent, cannot but possess some inward force worth reckoning with. The proceeds from the sale of Mr. Elkinton's book are not to be reaped by the author himself, but are to be given for the needs of the Dowkhobors in Canada. These seem to be very great, the unfortunate people having left Russia in a state bordering upon destitution.

Mind and Matter.

THE LAW OF MENTAL MEDICINE. By Thomas Jay Hudson. (Putnam's. 6s.)

OUR author has already written a volume, called the "Law of Psychic Phenomena," which is approaching its sixtieth thousand; and in the present book, which is described in a sub-title as "the correlation of the facts of psychology

and histology in their relation to mental therapeutics," he ranges over a wide and boundless field, which includes such subjects as "the laying on of hands," "the duplex mental organism," and "thought transference by ants and bees by means of physical contact." We can find only two ways of reviewing a book which begs the question on its first page, and never returns to it. One is ridicule; and the other is an attempt to outline the first principles of this fascinating subject as they are now known.

The writer builds upon what he well calls the great work of the late Dr. Hack Tuke (one of the first alienists of last century), which is entitled "The Influence of the Mind upon the Body." We have a copy of this book now before us, and will endeavour to elucidate some of its facts, aided by the recollection of conversations with its late author, and by the most recent advance in psychology. Dr. Hudson, of course, is a believer in the mind as an entity that informs and controls the whole body; "no power in the universe can do more than energise the mental organism that is the seat and source of health within the body": "the subjective mind is the power that controls the functions, sensations and conditions of the body." His argument is based upon an hypothesis which, it is a surprise to learn, "is now very generally accepted by scientists." It is that man has two minds, "objective" and "subjective," the first of which the "savants of the Society for Psychical Research" call "supraliminal," and the second, "subliminal." There is no evidence that any of these striking terms correspond with facts, but it is taken for granted that there is nothing in them that is in dispute. The "Recent Discovery of a Primary Intelligence below the Threshold of Normal Consciousness," coupled with the fact that there is a "mental energy that actuates every fibre of the body," leads to the conclusion that "material remedies, when they are not in themselves positively injurious, are good and legitimate forms of suggestion." Quinine, it is to be presumed, cures malaria, in being a "legitimate form of suggestion" to the parasite which causes the disease that it had better die—which it forthwith does.

The book, whilst exceedingly entertaining, is crammed with mis-statements on matters of fact; at which, reading the list of the "principal works" consulted by the author, we do not wonder. These include works on anatomy and physiology, Lord Avebury on Ants, Bees, and Wasps, the late Dr. Hilton's admirable but badly-named lectures on "rest and pain," and many more, but no work on human psychology nor neurology. As for Dr. Hack Tuke's work upon the "fundamental facts" on which this book is said by its author to be based, we can only say that no one could have been more astonished than Dr. Tuke himself at his interpreter's conclusions. We would recommend Dr. Hudson to read any volume the gist of which might be expressed by "the influence of the body on the mind," the reverse of Dr. Tuke's title. Such very necessary matter will be found in any treatise on psychology or psychiatry—a word which we use for fear of hurting Dr. Hudson's feelings.

The truth is that "hysterical" or, better, "functional" disorders of the nervous system are daily becoming commoner in countries like France and America, which claims Dr. Hudson. It would take too long to consider why these troubles are concomitant with civilisation, but the fact must be faced. It is not a joke, and it does not involve any reflection upon the numberless unfortunate victims of these troubles. If we believed that Dr. Hudson's book would be of any avail in helping to prevent or to cure this crescent evil, to which may be traced Christian Science, and so many other phenomena the records of which will suffice to make even the twentieth century somewhat ridiculous in the eyes of posterity, then we should welcome it as a practical boon, despite its inaccuracy and its poverty of logic. Unfortunately we cannot question that this is just as undesirable a book for an hysterical or

potentially hysterical person as could be; and its other readers—unless they be concerned publicly to estimate it—will not turn many pages. "What I do strongly advise against," says Dr. Hudson, "is the common practice of reading, studying and inwardly digesting the popular literature on the subjects of disease"; "the current stuff on those subjects is generally written by those who know least about them—often by cranks," &c. To all of which, notably in its immediate bearing, a hearty assent. The one remedy for these troubles, *pace* Dr. Hudson, is the treatment of Dr. Weir Mitchell, excellent novelist and world-famous physician; whilst they are to be prevented either by the entire reconstruction of society on a basis which could not well be anything but much less satisfactory than the present, or by the discovery—familiar to but doubtless plagiarised by Solomon—that education is the cardinal need of our day. In a right environment the child of healthy parents may defy hysteria; education is the provision of a right environment for the young or foolish by the mature or wise; it is not a matter of what shall be the accented syllable of one or other self-contradictory dogma—though we might be pardoned for thinking it so.

Fiction.

THE METTLE OF THE PASTURE. By James Lane Allen. (Macmillan. 6s.)

At his best Mr. Allen is an inspired reader of Earth. Like the late Frank Norris, he acknowledges her as the mighty protagonist of the human drama. Kentucky hemp in "The Increasing Purpose" was only less impressive than Californian wheat in "The Octopus," for the reason that makes his talent so seductive and so feminine. Mr. Allen is a sentimentalist publishing his ecstasy; he is a poet involved in his dream. He is charming because he is never aloof. He has only just trained himself to refrain from exclaiming "O!"

"The Mettle of the Pasture" is weaker than "The Increasing Purpose" because its sentimentality is less successfully corrected by submission to the terrestrial basis. In point of style, however, it is an advance. Mr. Allen no longer loses syntax in undisciplined eloquence; he obeys the rhythm of his own pulse; he is consistently beautiful.

The theme of his story is the effect on a pure and exceedingly proud girl's mind of a confession which proves her lover to have been an ordinary blundering sensualist. She dismisses him only to learn when it is almost too late that her love is ineradicable and more compulsive than her moral fastidiousness.

As "the very curve of her neck implied generations of mothers who had valued grace," Isabel, aristocratic, as perhaps only Americans can be, is felt to deserve a stainless partner; yet is the atmosphere of her indignant innocence a little too rarefied to permit the ordinary reader to breathe in it without fatigue. As one of the characters says, "We can climb so high that we freeze." The fact is that Mr. Allen has neglected the psychology of her situation through a delicate feminine reluctance to examine sexual relations. This we frankly consider a pity.

Of several cleverly drawn characters perhaps the most striking is the ageless thrice-widowed grandmother of the heroine, who attacks her food "with eager jabs and stabs," and whose natural secretiveness was such that after a nap she instinctively "looked down at the print of her head on the pillow and deftly smoothed it out," because "she was careful to hide the traces of her behaviour." One finds pleasant contrast in the maiden who tells her lover "what a lovely red [his] ear is, seen against a clear sky"; for Mr. Allen shows how winsome silliness can be. Notable

is the sketch of a perfect friendship between a bachelor professor and his sister, and there is poetic fuel with dramatic impossibility in the hero's midnight colloquy with the portraits of his ancestors. "You," he said, "who helped to make me what I am, you had the conscience and not the temptation. And you . . . you had the temptation and not the conscience. What does either of you know of me who had both?"

Yet although "he blew his candle out in the eyes of that passionate face," it was this young gentleman's lot to prove "the mettle of the pasture," if not in Shakespearean sense, at least in a way quite as difficult for a brave man of fleshly instincts who has been renounced by the woman he loves.

Of the good *pensées* scattered through this story of broken, patched and repressed love we will quote a few:—

If I had been . . . commissioned to design as my masterwork the world's Frieze of Love, it should have been one long array of marble shapes, each in pursuit of some one fleeing.

I always defended because the State can punish only the accused, and the accused is never the only criminal. . . . The first criminal is the Origin of Evil.

We have no evidence, as the old hymn declares, that [God] loves to move in a mysterious way. The entire openness of Nature and of the Creator—these are the new ways of thinking. . . . It was the folly and the crime of all ancient religions that their priesthoods veiled them; whenever the veil was rent . . . it was not God that men found behind it: it was nothing.

Space cries "Halt!" but not before we find ourselves on excellent if slyly humorous terms with a book well worth reading.

JERUSALEM. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by Jessie Bröchner. (Heinemann. 6s.)

A READER of "Jerusalem" would hesitate to call it a novel: the word would sound like an affront. This Swedish work of imagination is unquestionably not of deliberate manufacture. Vision and intuition went to the making of it, and though they did not make the whole they stamped upon it the mark of genius.

It tells how a peasant community of Swedes experienced a religious revival which drove them to Palestine. One feels the wrench of their uprooting almost with a repetition of its pain, and then follows a masterly narrative of their disappointments and ultimate success as an independent mission at the polluted centre of the Christian legend. The most outstanding character of this prose epic (for such in fact it is) comes of a stock of farmers who have borne the adjective "Great" before their surname of Ingmar. His father was mean enough to postpone marriage with his sweetheart for a reason of economy till after the birth of her child, and great enough to marry her when she had served her term for killing it. He himself is mean enough to jilt his sweetheart in order to acquire his ancestral farm, which is the dowry of his bride. Yet his steps are guided; and after a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where his astral body—so to call it—appears to help the Swedish colony in a time of peril, he returns the ardent lover of his wife, who, tortured by a horrible tradition, has been wilfully allowing her good name to be smirched to spare him the humiliation of fathering the babe she believes will be an idiot.

The book is a weird and fascinating mixture of spiritualism and supernature with irony and realism. For instance, Gertrud, a schoolmaster's daughter, distracted by vindictive thoughts, receives a vision of Jesus near her Swedish home. In Jerusalem she is, however, deluded into mistaking for Jesus a dancing dervish—a teacher of humiliating contortions. She is crushed by her

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error; but later on she perceives a tremendous magic in his "great resemblance," and takes from one gesture from him a determination to alter her whole life.

The salient virtue of the book is the picture it gives of strong, brave men and women following their spiritual instincts with a sense of their divine origin. At least six of the characters are of a nobility so authentic as to be eloquent beyond rhetoric, and this nobility is never insipid. Of the beauty inherent in terror Selma Lagerlöf is an unwearyed painter, and she knows how to signalise the terror by the actions of her puppets. Take this passage:—

They were all silent, listening to the barking of the dog, which continued to run round and round the house.

The old man . . . closed the flue of the fireplace, then he put out the lights.

"No, no," cried the girls, "don't put out the lights."

"I must do what is best for all of us," said Strong Ingmar.

Then someone could not refrain from saying "Now the dog has gone."

Without saying a word, Strong Ingmar stretched out his arm and struck the speaker on the mouth.

Perhaps the most extraordinary example of our author's faculty of terror is the description of the sunstroke which killed one of her colonists in Jerusalem. She images the sunrays as huntsmen rushing out of ambush, bent on subtle slaughter, and they are not less uncanny than the unseen ravagers of the forest against whom Strong Ingmar fortified his house with silence and darkness.

CONJUROR'S HOUSE. By Stewart E. White. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE unities are so respected in this novel that, in effect, it is merely a stirring anecdote. Its motive power is the bitterness felt for the free trader by the ex-monopolists of Hudson's Bay when their charter ran out. It is averred that in a certain district of Rupert's Land, "beyond the butternut," where "the shadows fall crimson across the snow," the free trader who fell into the hands of the Company's factor, was deprived of his arms and sent into the wilderness ostensibly to make "La Longue Traverse," but really to die of hunger and cold.

Mr. White's free trader is as gay and defiant as could be wished; his snatches of French song give quite an operatic air to the book. The factor is more fierce than dignified, and his daughter less obedient to him than she is pitiful and expansive.

It cannot be said that the reader is ever much alarmed; the scissors of Atropos are too obviously sheathed. The story yields a gentle pleasure, and perhaps—paradox though it sound—the most dramatic thing in it is Matthews waiting "faultlessly" at a table adorned with "white linen and glistening silver" in a "wilderness post" six hundred miles "from the nearest settlement." Some carefully studied dialect and an interesting description of a method of barter with Indians show the book to be stronger on its instructive than its artistic side. Mr. White's missionary, who winks at crime in order that he may not be sent away from "the work" is, it is to be feared, hardly a caricature even in the present day.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE VAGABOND.

By FREDERICK PALMER.

An American story of love and adventure. When the hero became an orphan by the suicide of his father he decided to run away in pursuit of freedom and of "a little girl with a mole on her chin," whose name he did

not know. This was in the days before the civil war, but we presently hear of the Southern Confederacy, and the vagabond appears as Captain Williams. The book is spiritedly written. The second part is largely concerned with the struggle of North and South. (Harper. 6s.)

BARBARA WINSLOW: REBEL.

By BETH ELLIS.

A story of the days following Sedgemoor. Barbara is on the side of Monmouth, and the captain who wins her in the end is on the King's side. Incidentally we have various adventures and a trial with Jeffreys as judge. "What! What! I am to be browbeaten, contradicted in my own court, am I? What! You shall learn that the majesty of the law, the representative of our gracious sovereign, is not thus to be lightly answered." A brisk story, on familiar lines. (Blackwood. 6s.)

LADY JUDAS.

By FRANK BARRETT.

"A Drama in a Prologue and Three Acts." In the first scene of the prologue we see Mr. Dudley St. John sauntering through a house "to be let furnished for the season at twenty guineas a week." But most of the things which Mr. St. John saw "were too cumbersome for his purpose, which was simply robbery." Then follows a marriage and all manner of adventures. A book for holiday reading at the seaside, when the town house is empty. (Chatto. 6s.)

EILEEN.

By LUCAS CLEEVE.

A domestic story by the author of "Anglo-Americans." When Sir Reggie made the acquaintance of Eileen at the bazaar she struck him as "one of the daintiest productions of nature he had ever seen." After their marriage we hear that Eileen "devoured novels when she was alone, especially on the sex question." A somewhat morbid study of matrimonial infelicity closing on a note of sentiment—"for dear baby's grave was the end of trouble and not the beginning." (Long. 6s.)

BUNGAY OF BANDILOO.

By CURTIS YORKE.

The hero of this "episode" is a socialist agitator, who desired to see life "from the toff's point of view," in order to collect material for his lectures in Hyde Park. When Lady Weston dropped her opera glasses on the head of a man in the pit Bungay witnessed the accident from the gallery and saw in it his opportunity. His introduction to society was the price of his secret, and the story is concerned with certain engaging adventures which befel him as "Bungay of Bandiloo." (Hurst and Blackett. 3s. 6d.)

THE PRIME MINISTER AND
MRS. GRANTHAM.

By CARLTON DAWE.

A political novel, opening with an election scene in which the son of the Prime Minister is defeated by the hero of the story in a borough which had hitherto always returned the nominee of the Marlingtons. The action moves to St. Stephen's, and is based upon a conventional plot which at last reveals the Prime Minister as the father of his political enemy. (Nash. 6s.)

THE HELIONS.

By FREDERICK CHARLES.

"Or, The Deeds of Rio: a Political Comedy." It opens thus: "The island of Jamaica, as nobody knows, lies somewhere in the Caribbean Sea; and Princeville, the scene of this adventure, is the name of a town that flourished there in the nineteenth century." The first chapter introduces us to the Custos Rotulorum, a dignitary with the title of "honourable," and a habit of exclaiming "dash my buttons." The story is garrulous, light-hearted, and satirical. (Simpkin, Marshall. 4s. 6d. net.)

